

G A R L A N D.

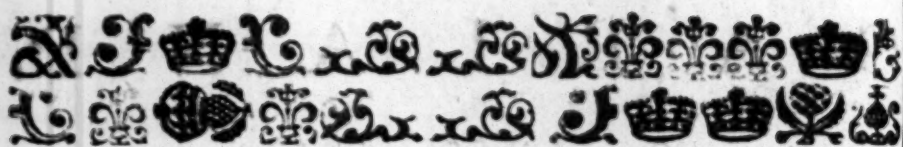
Composed of some delightful

New Songs.

- I. The Jolly Gauger.
- II. The *Lawland* Lass lamenting the *Higland* Lad; or, The Gates of *Edinburgh*.
- III. The Answer to the Gates of *Edinburgh*.
- IV. A Song in Praile of *Molly Mog*.

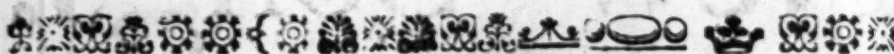


Licens'd and Enter'd according to Order.



T H E

Jolly GAUGER's GARLAND, &c.

*The Jolly Gauger.*

I Am a jolly Gauger,
 And keep 'a four-foot Rule,
 With *Colling's* Books in Pocket,
 New come from *Dixon's* School.
And a Gauging we will go, we'll go, we'll go
And a Gauging we will go.

With *Colling's* Book in Pocket,
 And *Everard* Rule and Cane,
 A sliding Rule for Customers,
 And a Conscience void of Stain.
And a Gauging, &c.

When in the Night I ramble,
 With *Lanthorn* in my Hand,
 And if in Bed my Landlady,
 She'll rise at my Command.
And a Gauging, &c.

I han

I hank my Horse still at the Door,
 And to the Cellar run,
 Where I do gage all empty casks,
 As well as thoe are full.
And a Gauging, &c.

Sc There's Number One hold's thirty-six,
 And so doth Number Two,
 There's Number Four holds forty,
 The Fourth's not gauged true.
And a Gauging, &c.

There's Number Five fill'd up with Small,
 As sure as any Thing;
 Odsblues, you Whore, it is all Strong,
 You must not cheat the King.
And a Gauging, &c.

ll go But in the Item of our Sport,
 I wish we had been wiser,
 Just as I at the Window look'd,
 I'py'd the Supervisor.
And a Gauging, &c.

In came the Supervisor,
 So pleasantly he looks;
 How do you, good Officer?
 Pray let me see your Books.
And a Gauging, &c.

But when he looked into them,
 He fell into a Rage:
 What do you mean you drunken Dog?
 Here's neither Stock nor Gauge.
And a Gauging, &c. For

For the future I'll admonish you,
 And take it on my Word,
 If e'er you do the like again,
 I'll report you to the Board.
And no more a Gauging you'll go you'll go,
And no more a Gauging you'll go.

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*The Lawland Lads lamenting the Highland Lad;  
 or the Gates of Edinburgh.*

**Y**OU gentle Swains that rule the Plains,  
 Which *Phœbus* gilds with scorching Beams,  
 Pity my Fate with Sorrow great,  
 For nought can yeild me Rest or Ease,  
 I'll pierce the Skies with dismal Cries,  
 Since I have lost my blooming Lad,  
 Till I once more do cross the Shore,  
 To row me in his Tartan Plaid.

When I first saw his comely Face,  
 The Lawland Lads ne'er show'd sic a Boy,  
 I thought my Joys wou'd still increate,  
 And nothing e'er should us annoy,  
 With gentle Smiles free from all Wiles,  
 I was address'd by my sweet Lad,  
 When we oft did meet in Raptures sweet,  
 He row'd me in beneath his Plaid.

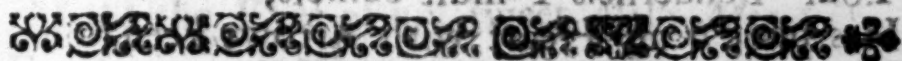
You Shades and Groves where Lovers rove,  
 Lament the Absence of my Love,  
 I'll ring with Yells, the Hills and Dales;  
 Since Fate did so unconstant prove.



Ye whistling Wind and Billows kind,  
Tell him his Love is raving mad,  
And ne'er will rest with Grief oppress'd,  
For Absence of her Highland Lad.

Those cursed Folk do me provoke,  
When I think of their Cruelty,  
Instead of Friends to get their Ends,  
They've banished my Love from me.  
The *Amazon* Queen with Arms that's keen,  
Could not go swifter than I Wad,  
And then cross'd'er some distant Shore,  
To meet my sweetest Highland Lad.

Gin e'er I live to see his Face,  
I'll tell him bath his Friend and Foe,  
Who had him much in great Disgrace,  
When I was in my greatest Wo.  
So now adieu for I'll pursue,  
My own sweet charming Highland Lad,  
And cross the Main to France and Spain,  
To sport once more beneath his Plaid.



*The ANSWER.*

**Y**OU *Silvan* Gods that love green Woods,  
You rural Nymphs and airy Swains,  
Attention give while I relate,  
My Love-tick Pain in doleful Strains,  
I'm forc'd to rove far from my Love,  
The sweetest Maid that e'er was seen,  
Whole Perfection so rare, none can compare,  
To the bonny Lass of *Aberdeen*. When

When first I saw her charming Face,  
 My Heart was ravish'd with Delight;  
 Her stately Carriage, Mien and Grace;  
 Would any Monarch's Soul invite,  
 Her Skin more fair than Lilies are,  
 She doth Surpass the Grecian Queen, (be found,  
 Search the Highlands all round, no Nymph can  
 Compar'd to the Lais of *Aberdeen*.

What though I'm forced for to range,  
 My constant Heart will true remain,  
 My Mind shall never, never change,  
 Until I see your Face again:  
 In foreign Courts where I resort,  
 There's no such Beauty to be seen,  
 As this lovely Maid that me betray'd,  
 The bonny, bonny Lais of *Aberdeen*.

My lovely Fair, I can't forbear,  
 Reflecting on your Constancy,  
 Your Floods of Tears, your Grief and Cares,  
 That you have suffer'd Love for me;  
 Your Tenderness I must confess,  
 Has pierc'd my Heart with Arrows keen!  
 None can appease or give me Ease,  
 But the bonny Lais of *Aberdeen*.

I hope I soon shall see the Day,  
 That I'll return my Dear once more,  
 Thy Constancy I will repay,  
 For none but you I can adore;  
 Then free from Care, with my sweet Fair,  
 In sight of Foes and all their Spleen,  
 I'll live at Ease and roving cease,  
 With the bonny Lais of *Aberdeen*. A

*A Song in Praise of Molly Mog.*

SAYS my Uncle I pray you discover,  
 What hath been the Cause of your Woes;  
 Why you pine and you whine like a Lover,  
 I have seen *Molly Mog* of the Rose.

O Nephew, your Grief is but Folly,  
 In Town you may find better Prog,  
 Half a Crown will get you a *Molly*,  
 A *Molly* much better than *Mog*.

I know that by Wits 'tis recited,  
 That Woman at best are a Clog;  
 But I am not so easily frightened,  
 From loving of sweet *Molly Mog*.

The School-boys desire a Play-day,  
 The School-master's Joy is to Flog;  
 The Milk-maids delight is on *May-day*,  
 But mine is on sweet *Molly Mog*.

*Will-a-wisp* leads the Traveller a Gadding,  
 Thro' Ditch and thro' Quagmire and Bog,  
 But no Light can set me a Madding,  
 Like the Eyes of my sweet *Molly Mog*.

For Guineas in other Men's Breeches,  
 Your Gamsters will palm and will cog,  
 But I envy none of their Riches,  
 So I may have sweet *Molly Mog*.

The Heart when half wounded is changing,  
 It here and there jumps like a Frog,  
 But my Heart can never be changing,  
 'Tis so fix'd on thee, sweet *Molly Mog*.

Who follows all Ladies of Pleasure,  
 In Pleasure is thought but a Hog,

Al

All the Sex cannot give so good Measure,  
 Of Joys, as my sweet *Molly Mog*.  
 I feel I'm in Love to Distraction,  
 My Senses are lost in a Fog,  
 And nothing can give Satisfaction,  
 But thinking on sweet *Molly Mog*.  
 A Letter when I am inditing,  
 Comes *Cupid* and gives me a Jog,  
 And I fill all the Paper with Writing,  
 Of nothing but sweet *Molly Mog*.  
 If I would not give up the three Graces,  
 I wish I were hang'd like a Dog,  
 And at Court all the Drawing-room Faces,  
 For a Glance of my sweet *Molly Mog*.  
 Those Faces want Nature and Spirit,  
 And seems as cut out of a Log,  
*Jove, Venus, and Pallas's* Merit,  
 Unite in my sweet *Molly Mog*.  
 Those who toast all the Royal Family,  
 In Bumpers of Hogan and Nog,  
 Have Hearts no more true or more loyal,  
 Than mine to my sweet *Molly Mog*.  
 Were *Virgil* alive with his *Phillis*,  
 And writing another Eclogue,  
 Both his *Phillis* and fair *Amaryllis*,  
 He'd give up for sweet *Molly Mog*.  
 When she smiles on each Guest there's none like he  
 Then Jealousy sets me a gog;  
 Her Smiles endear her to me ever,  
 And so shall I keep *Molly Mog*.